

**The Washington Times**  
Published Evening and Sunday at  
**THE MUNSEY BUILDING,**  
Penn. Ave., between 12th and 14th Sts.  
New York Office.....175 Fifth Ave.  
Chicago Office.....222 Marquette Building  
Boston Office.....Journal Building  
Daily, one year.....\$3.00  
Sunday, one year.....\$2.50  
**FRANK A. MUNSEY.**

The Times is served in the city of Washington and District of Columbia by newsboys, who deliver and collect for the paper on their own account at the rate of 1 cent a week for the Evening and 6 cents a copy for the Sunday edition.  
Entered at the postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second class matter.  
HAVE THE TIMES MAILED TO YOU.  
Persons leaving Washington for the summer can have The Times mailed to them at the same rate as paid for delivery in the city, 6 cents a week for the daily edition, or 11 cents for the daily and Sunday editions. All mail subscriptions are invariably payable in advance. Addresses changed as often as desired.

SUNDAY, JULY 21, 1907.

**Gas Capitalization Hearing.**

On Monday Mr. Justice Anderson, of the District Supreme Court, will begin the hearing on the petition of the Georgetown Gas Company for authority to increase its capitalization. The company is one of the two selling gas in the city, and asks to be allowed to increase its outstanding stock from \$150,000 to \$300,000, or if not to that sum then to such figure as will represent the present total value of the property. This hearing is held under the law of 1896, which provides that no capitalization shall be issued beyond the actual cash value and the needs of the company for expenses or betterments. The Georgetown company now desires interpretation of this law, and it is assumed that if it is authorized to bring its capitalization up to the total physical values, the Washington Gas Company will apply for like authorization, and proceed to increase its capital. The people of the District have a profound concern with this inquiry. It involves an interpretation of the vesting of rights that thereafter would be beyond assault, and which directly involves the prices that must be paid for one of the most important necessities of life; a commodity whose price cannot be regulated by competition, but is bound to be determined largely by the amount of capitalization issued against the privilege of selling it. Therefore, it is the interest of every citizen that the most thorough exposition of the facts surrounding the corporation be secured; its present capital, financial history, earnings and dividends from year to year, needs for funds to make extensions, the question of how much has been set aside for depreciation charges, general physical and financial conditions—in short, everything calculated to enlighten as to the merits of the present petition. The community is no less concerned than the gas company in having the public service corporation equipped to give the best possible service. If the gas corporations need more capital, if they cannot get it except by increasing their outstanding issues, and if their prospects for increasing business are such as to justify the expenditure, then permission should be given for a proper increase. But the inquiry that has been suggested would also deal with the question of whether profits have been reasonable in the past, and what disposition has been made of them. If, for example, a public service corporation has been earning and paying 8 per cent dividends regularly, and at the same time has been investing, out of surplus earnings, large sums in the betterment and extension of its physical plant, it is neither sound economics nor good public policy to allow it now to capitalize these investments of surplus. The surplus is a contribution from the public, additional to a compensatory dividend, and to capitalize it would manifestly be to impose upon the public the burden of paying dividends perpetually on an amount which it had originally contributed. This is exactly what E. H. Harriman did in his reorganization of the Alton. For many years the Blackstone management of that road had been paying good dividends, and still earning millions of surplus, which it invested in betterments of the road. When Harriman got the property he pored over the books till he had figured how many millions had thus been invested from the surplus, and proceeded to capitalize the amount on a liberal basis. Just how the public views that sort of finance, how the Interstate Commerce Commission viewed it, how the President and his advisers have viewed it, is well known as a result of the recent investigations. "Indefensible financing" was what the Interstate Commission called this group of operations in the case of the Alton. Perpetrated on the city of Washington, any parallel to it would be equally indefensible. But this is not all. If a public service corporation has been taking excessive dividends out of its property, or issuing watered capitalization in order to absorb the profits,

or carving occasional melons by making distributions of extra dividends to its stockholders, then the stockholders are not, in good economics, good morals, or sound public policy, entitled to ask the privilege of issuing additional capitalization as soon as their corporation, depreciated in physical condition or outgrown by the demands of the community, becomes unequal to the demands upon it. The people who have enjoyed the excessive profits should provide, to the extent of that excess at least, the working capital. The rule is now thoroughly established in this country and in every other progressive one, that capitalization must not be so high as to impose an unfair burden on the public. That is, it must be sufficient to meet the reasonable, legitimate business needs of the corporation, and not more. If the Georgetown Gas Company is found, on inquiry, to be asking the privilege of capitalizing betterments which it has paid for from surplus earnings, the privilege should be denied. If it is found to have been paying excessively large dividends while failing to care for its property or to make needed extensions, likewise the privilege ought to be denied. It would be denied in Massachusetts under the administration by the gas commission of that State; it would be denied in England under the corporation system in vogue there; it would be denied in every country where a scientific code of regulating laws for public service corporations has been worked out. If the Georgetown Gas Company has been paying fair, remunerative dividends, and no more, and has need now of more capital to make necessary betterments or extensions, it should be granted the privilege of increasing its issues. Likewise, if it has been making betterments out of earnings, depriving its stockholders of dividends in order to do so, it would be fair to permit an issue of capitalization to represent this amount which the stockholders have invested. The question which Mr. Justice Anderson has before him is a concrete illustration, and an excellent one, of the whole problem to which President Roosevelt has demanded attention of Congress: the problem of assuring that no more than reasonable capitalization shall be permitted to public utility concerns. **A Curious Bossism.** News comes from Wisconsin that the La Follette machine has announced a program for the State's politics for the next few years. Briefly, it is proposed, first, to bend every energy to getting La Follette nominated and elected President; second, to have Francis E. McIlwain, the boodle prosecutor of Milwaukee county, elected governor; and, third, to send Irvine L. Lenroot to the Senate in place of Stephenson, when his term shall expire. The odd thing about this program is not that such careful figuring is unusual, but rather, the frankness with which it is announced. That is the difference between the new kind of bosses and the old. La Follette and Cummins are bosses just as much as Platt and Quay were in their time. But they do things differently. They tell the community just what they are planning to do to it. Instead of secrecy, they use publicity as their most effective weapon. They prepare a program, and ask the people to endorse it. They assure that the people will get a real chance in the game, by putting the matter up to a State-wide voting primary. The primary makes the old kind of bossism about impossible, and gives the new kind—which is really leadership rather than bossism—a chance to earn just what it deserves. **Hot Weather Politics.** Senator Knox delivered another speech at Valley Forge, on Friday, along the line of his recognized theory about the relations of State and Federal governments. He was enthusiastically acclaimed as the next President. Secretary Taft is going to announce soon an itinerary for a series of addresses in the West, from Oklahoma to the Pacific, ending at Seattle, whence he will sail for the Pacific. Senator Foraker is out on the stump defending his course on the rate law and other matters, and organizing his fight for his seat and his prestige. Senator La Follette is vigorously at work planning his boom, and the future of Wisconsin politics. Governor Hughes is sawing wood right along, and looming larger every day in the view of the whole country. Secretary Cortelyou is developing a wonderfully promising Presidential movement along Post-office and Treasury Department lines. Is it any wonder that the dog-day season is unusually hot, dull and oppressive, when all these gentlemen and sundry others are doing everything possible to make it hot and keep it hot, and the only person who is doing a thing to overcome

the heat is Vice President Fairbanks? All honor and credit to the Vice President! He has been everywhere this summer, always waiting along a breath of refreshing coolness, always ready for a bit of new heroism modestly performed.

**Fairbanks in Verse.**

Indiana takes just pride in its literary lights. The atmosphere of the Hoosier State seems to be particularly conducive to the making of successful novels, plays, and verse. Much of this literary output has a local setting, where it cannot be denied that novelists, playwrights, and poets find satisfactory inspiration in the life and manners of their State. As an inspirer of poetry no one excels Charles Warren Fairbanks. A week ago we presented to our readers a poetic composition which celebrated the Vice President's oratorical powers. Today, we respectfully submit a poem called forth from the pen of Stuart Maclean by the recent rescue incident in the career of Mr. Fairbanks. The verses are entitled, "Nearly Saved by Mr. Fairbanks," and are as follows: I'm the little girl who nearly saved by Mr. Fairbanks When I fell into the lake at Yellowstone. When I gurgled in the water in a way I didn't ought to. And I screamed out in loud and piercing tone. Mr. Fairbanks, he was sitting on the piazza. Reading articles on "How to Grow the Hair." I was saved from being saved by Mr. Fairbanks By the fact that Mr. Fairbanks wasn't there. I'm the girl who nearly saved by Mr. Fairbanks From the waters of the icy inland sea. 'Twas a cruel trick of fate he was half an hour late. But Mr. Fairbanks nearly rescued me. When you read the advertisements in the papers. Please remember I'm the only one there is Who can furnish up the pageant for an up-to-date press agent. Provided that he understand his biz; Though it's true that all the wet on Mr. Fairbanks Was the perspiration running down his face. He's not less a hero, is he, if he 'saves' the nation at some other place? I'm the girl who nearly saved by Mr. Fairbanks. Had it only happened he was there to see. But the thing that was the worst was that others saw me first. So he only almost nearly rescued me. In the absence of our literary editor, we venture to assert that Mr. Maclean's poem will become a classic, and that it will take rank in literature midway between "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck." Mr. Mackay, president of the Postal Telegraph Company, has given official assurance that there is no agreement about rates between his company and the Western Union. This makes plain that the most wonderful series of coincidences ever recorded is that which makes these rates exactly the same, and makes them always go up and down together. The Steel Corporation may ultimately lose Mr. Corey, but the reporters will kindly but firmly decline to lose him, at least until something more exciting comes along. General Brayton, the blind man who has bossed Rhode Island politics for many years under Senator Aldrich, has resigned his position. Brayton is blind, but he could see that the time for his sort of management is past. From the advance sheets of the forthcoming Pittsburgh city directory: Count them—50,000—count them! Mostly millionaires! Some Real Goods! (When they are at home and not on Broadway.) Mrs. Sage has given away \$125,000 more, this time to a home for aged. As we contemplate the agonies of mind that all this lavishness would cause Uncle Russell, we can only hope that the new doctrine, that the spirits of the departed keep informed about what is doing here on earth, is all a mistake. Mr. Harriman's purchase of a home on Fifth avenue at a cost of near a million dollars, when he declares that he is still considerably in the lead of folks who are intending to put him in jail "when they catch him." South Carolina was the original nullification State, but the North State wouldn't be averse to giving a modern instance if these Federal laws and courts continue to invite it. **BORDERLAND OF BIRTH.** Afar I seemed to hear a troubled sea. A multitude of waters tossed, and wild. While half in languorous fear, yet half beguiled. For gentle Death I waited quietly. The murmur of the ocean seemed to be Sweet angel voices, and as one exiled Is welcomed home in accents soft and mild. I heard them calling, calling, calling me. Then those deep surges sharply piercing And piercing through the strange allure of death. I heard a cry! And, love, though near undone, Though nearly soothed away, I drew strong breath. Drew eager breath, dear love, and turned and knew Thy face above mine, and our Little One! —Appleton's Magazine. 'Tis well enough to sit and fish. All mundane cares forget; But you even while you ply your rod The fish is cooler yet. 'Tis well enough to loiter and drive Upon a grassy hill. But even then the golfer finds The caddy cooler still. Thus summer needs a better game When Mercury is king. And looking back on boyhood days I have the very thing. Why not when laying out the links, To charm our weary souls, Let all who play the royal game Make eighteen swimming holes? —Puck. "What's the matter, Johnny?" asked the mother in alarm. "I'm going home," he yelled. "It ain't no use for me to go, all these old people are smashing my feathers all to pieces." And sure enough, in the push the feathers strung about his head had become badly disarranged. An amused smile spread over the features of those surrounding Johnny and they all fell back. His mother reassured him, and after re-arranging his fantastic headgear and distributing the paint a little more evenly on his round little face, the young Indian was taken in tow by friendly observers and as the way was cleared, he stepped back the sobs and stepped aboard ship. **BRIDES and grooms** from the country no longer inspire interest and curiosity in Washington, but the other day a wedding party furnished enough amusement to several persons that made them forget all about the heat for a few minutes, at least. A prospective bride and groom with the usual accompanying best man, were walking aimlessly up Fifth street near the Columbian building when they met a young man, a member of one of the well-known law firms in Washington. They looked as if they had come direct from the real wilds of the country, and had evidently never been in Washington before. They inquired from the young lawyer where they could get a marriage license and he, very obligingly, accompanied them to the City Hall, and helped them get the license. He further suggested Justice of the Peace O'Neal as a likely party to perform the ceremony and escorted them over to the justice's office in D street. At that particular time and they were compelled to wait. The longer Mr. O'Neal stayed away the more indignant the three visitors became. Finally the best man blurted out: "Well, if I've got to stand up with these people I've got to have something for the 'inner man'." The young lawyer saw his duty and offered to direct the visitors from the country to a place where he might satisfy his thirst. Not caring for anything himself at that time of day, he indicated a little place a few doors from Justice O'Neal's office. The place has a swinging wicker door about two feet from the ground and when the man reached the door, got down on his knees and calmly crawled through the opening. The young lawyer, who stood out on the sidewalk, was convulsed. He was still laughing when several of his friends came along and he told them of it. They absolutely refused to believe him in spite of his persistent assertions that the thing really happened and finally, when he saw that he was no use, he said: "Well, I'll prove it to you." He went over to the door, leaned down and looking under the wicker swing called out: "Come on; they're ready for you," and sure enough out came the best man in the same fashion he had gone in. The young lawyer is vindicated and is now working off some others on his trusting friends. **"T HIS,"** observed the man who starts the elevators in the Munsey Building, "is the silly joke season. It was bad enough during the first few weeks of hot weather, when every one who got on a car would ask, 'Is this hot enough for you?' "Some of the people are still sticking to that phrase, but about every other one that comes along wants to know, 'Is it cold enough for you?' Of course you have to be polite and say something like, 'No, but it seems to me that there is something wrong with us as a race when everybody you meet says something like that.' "Then there is the fellow who doesn't say foolish things in hot weather, but who does things that would make a board of lunacy judge him insane. He will go around all day twittering and grumbling, and about every five minutes will go out and get something to cool him off. He will usually start off on a beer, and as that doesn't satisfy he will go right through the whole list until he has enough alcohol in him by bedtime to keep him roasting the rest of the night." **M Y** little friend was reciting his catechism lesson to his mother early last night, and his responses to her different questions were, in the main, satisfactory. However, when asked who God's creatures, the little fellow was puzzled. For a moment or two, his wrinkled brow showed he was deep in thought. Suddenly his eyes brightened, and smilingly he said: "Oh, me knows, muver. God's creatures am women and cows." **D ON'T** sit in a poker game where the limit is as high as the top of the monument, especially when the "four flusher" has worked into the game, drawn chips, and hasn't a cent in his pocket. A friend ran up against such a game a month ago, and he has just finished paying his "U. S." **M Y** friend, with his usual poor luck, lost about \$75, and "Four-flusher Bill"

**The Talk of the Town**  
BY THE TOWN TALKER

ONE of the features of the excursions to Marshall Hall under the auspices of the Order of Red Men one day the past week was the fantastic garb of some of the youngsters among the excursion party who were dressed by their elders to represent Indian braves. There were quite a few of these dashing little fellows with war paint and feathers, and receding that they were the cynosure of all eyes, indulged in many antics which were for the edification and amusement of the thousands who attended. One of them, however, took life seriously and figured in an amusing escapade just before the 6:30 boat left. A thousand passengers were on hand when the wharf and a great scramble ensued when the boat pulled in for the final load. This youngster of about ten years was in the midst of the jam, being in charge of a doting mother. Suddenly a mighty wall reared up. It was an unbecoming thing for an Indian brave to do, but this did not deter our young hero. "What's the matter, Johnny?" asked the mother in alarm. "I'm going home," he yelled. "It ain't no use for me to go, all these old people are smashing my feathers all to pieces." And sure enough, in the push the feathers strung about his head had become badly disarranged. An amused smile spread over the features of those surrounding Johnny and they all fell back. His mother reassured him, and after re-arranging his fantastic headgear and distributing the paint a little more evenly on his round little face, the young Indian was taken in tow by friendly observers and as the way was cleared, he stepped back the sobs and stepped aboard ship. **BRIDES and grooms** from the country no longer inspire interest and curiosity in Washington, but the other day a wedding party furnished enough amusement to several persons that made them forget all about the heat for a few minutes, at least. A prospective bride and groom with the usual accompanying best man, were walking aimlessly up Fifth street near the Columbian building when they met a young man, a member of one of the well-known law firms in Washington. They looked as if they had come direct from the real wilds of the country, and had evidently never been in Washington before. They inquired from the young lawyer where they could get a marriage license and he, very obligingly, accompanied them to the City Hall, and helped them get the license. He further suggested Justice of the Peace O'Neal as a likely party to perform the ceremony and escorted them over to the justice's office in D street. At that particular time and they were compelled to wait. The longer Mr. O'Neal stayed away the more indignant the three visitors became. Finally the best man blurted out: "Well, if I've got to stand up with these people I've got to have something for the 'inner man'." The young lawyer saw his duty and offered to direct the visitors from the country to a place where he might satisfy his thirst. Not caring for anything himself at that time of day, he indicated a little place a few doors from Justice O'Neal's office. The place has a swinging wicker door about two feet from the ground and when the man reached the door, got down on his knees and calmly crawled through the opening. The young lawyer, who stood out on the sidewalk, was convulsed. He was still laughing when several of his friends came along and he told them of it. They absolutely refused to believe him in spite of his persistent assertions that the thing really happened and finally, when he saw that he was no use, he said: "Well, I'll prove it to you." He went over to the door, leaned down and looking under the wicker swing called out: "Come on; they're ready for you," and sure enough out came the best man in the same fashion he had gone in. The young lawyer is vindicated and is now working off some others on his trusting friends. **"T HIS,"** observed the man who starts the elevators in the Munsey Building, "is the silly joke season. It was bad enough during the first few weeks of hot weather, when every one who got on a car would ask, 'Is this hot enough for you?' "Some of the people are still sticking to that phrase, but about every other one that comes along wants to know, 'Is it cold enough for you?' Of course you have to be polite and say something like, 'No, but it seems to me that there is something wrong with us as a race when everybody you meet says something like that.' "Then there is the fellow who doesn't say foolish things in hot weather, but who does things that would make a board of lunacy judge him insane. He will go around all day twittering and grumbling, and about every five minutes will go out and get something to cool him off. He will usually start off on a beer, and as that doesn't satisfy he will go right through the whole list until he has enough alcohol in him by bedtime to keep him roasting the rest of the night." **M Y** little friend was reciting his catechism lesson to his mother early last night, and his responses to her different questions were, in the main, satisfactory. However, when asked who God's creatures, the little fellow was puzzled. For a moment or two, his wrinkled brow showed he was deep in thought. Suddenly his eyes brightened, and smilingly he said: "Oh, me knows, muver. God's creatures am women and cows." **D ON'T** sit in a poker game where the limit is as high as the top of the monument, especially when the "four flusher" has worked into the game, drawn chips, and hasn't a cent in his pocket. A friend ran up against such a game a month ago, and he has just finished paying his "U. S." **M Y** friend, with his usual poor luck, lost about \$75, and "Four-flusher Bill"

was the winner. Not having the full amount of cash on hand, a note for \$25 was given to the winner. Although the winner did not have a cent in his pocket when he entered the game, and would not have made good any losses, he immediately began to bound my friend, and until the other day, the latter has had little peace of mind, owing to the whinnings of "Bill" for the money. "Bill" has the money, but my friend says "neval" when asked to sit in with the "man without the coin." **"G EE,** but the motorman must have a swell job these hot days," said a naysayer and perspiring youngster on an Avenue car recently. "They get the breeze all day long and never have to use a fan," he continued. The average motorman will tell you, however, that the kid was entirely wrong. In fact, it is said that as a rule the motorman suffers from heat more than any other class, that is, at times. During the run itself they stay refreshingly cool and it's real nice to be "on the job." It's after the run is over that the motorman suffers. When the car is taken to the barn and he goes to sleep, the heat is described as being almost unbearable. It is the contrast and sudden change, for the man who travels through the atmosphere at from eight to twenty miles an hour all day is bound to become hot when you take the air away and he has to face the weather on the same footing as other people. Did you ever think about it this way? And a motorman and he will confirm my statement. There are disadvantages, you see, about all vocations. **D ID** you ever see a mammy cat whip a big dog? If not, you may have missed a piece of rare sport. I was in the Iowa circle park a few evenings ago when my attention was attracted to a number of little girls fondling a pet mammy cat of the mottled breed, on the lawn near Thirtieth street. After playing with the cat for a time the little misses moved on and left kitty alone. She was quietly walking around, apparently looking for some one else to show her attention, when a large dog passed through the circle, saw the cat, and made a savage dart for her. Kitty was all attention in an instant with back arched, eyes aflame, and tail bushed out—another looking animal from what she was when I first saw her. The big dog rushed at the cat as though he was sure of victory, but when within about five feet of mammy cat, who was on the defensive, she turned the aggressor, rushed at the dog with claws flying, and forced the canine to retreat under a shower of rapid, telling blows that drew blood and a "ki-yi-ki-yi" that brought out the laugh at the dog's expense. Kitty was master of the field but for an instant. The dog returned to the fray time after time, but each assault resulted in quick defeat. The contest attracted the attention of every one in the circle, and the fight lasted possibly five minutes. The dog seemed deter-

mined to kill the cat, but she never retreated an inch. Just before the last dash made by the dog he laid down nearly exhausted. Kitty did likewise. Suddenly the dog arose, but before he could jump at the cat she lit on his back, and in less time than it takes to tell it she had the dog going down Thirtieth street at a rapid clip. After the cat had driven the dog from the field she walked up to a party of little girls and unceremoniously received the caresses of the admiring crowd. **A FOND** mother giving her little ones an airing in Franklin Square Park the other afternoon attracted my attention by the general neatness of the little ones. They were attired in spotless linen suits of the Buster Brown style, and each little one was having a jolly time. As I passed them a society girl coming in my direction was accompanied by a pair of white poodles whose hair had been curled by the trend of the mode. The dogs looked so much alike that it would have been difficult to a stranger to have told "Fido" from "Zip." The dogs at once won the attention of the little children, when the oldest, possibly seven years old, exclaimed to his mother all excitement. "Oh! Look mother, here is a pair of twin doggies." **R ECENTLY** a hive of bees was discovered in the roof of a residence on L street, between Twelfth and Thirtieth streets northwest, that when robbed of its store of honey it was the home of an unusually large colony. The honey, in pure white combs, weighed over 100 pounds. The bee colony built its hive under the eaves of the mansard roof, and extended their home far under the roof until they became a nuisance, and it became necessary to break up the colony. A thimer was sent for. He cut open the tin and slate roof and exposed the treasure. **D URING** the sessions of the recent convention of the Army and Navy Union, Gen. Andrew Burt, was the angel of the newspaper reporters. Without him the news accounts of the daily sessions would have been meager, indeed. The business meetings were all secret, and the newsgatherers had to get their reports from whoever they might find afterward. The convention had made no provision for furnishing the public with accounts of its proceedings, probably because no one had any newspaper experience, and did not appreciate the necessity of making such provision. General Burt, however, whose long and honorable military career has not precluded every other interest in life, for thirty years ago he wrote for high-class journals, keenly appreciated the plight of the newspaper men, although he was unable to remedy it officially. But he did do a great deal to help matters personally, and was right "there with the goods" after every meeting, and did everything for the papers except write the stories. By the way, General Burt is a Washington man.

**GRAND CONCLAVE OF THE NATION'S HEBREWS IN VIEW**

**Assembly to Be Held in New York in October.**

NEW YORK, July 20.—For the purpose of promoting the movement to establish a permanent international Jewish conference, a convention of Jews from all over the United States is to be held in this city in October. This action was decided on by the executive committee of the recently organized committee for the establishment of an all-Israeli organization following a meeting at Terrace Lyceum. Every Jewish organization in this country is to be invited to send representatives to the convention, which is to be held in Carnegie Hall, and it is expected that between 1,500 and 2,000 delegates will be in attendance. A special committee, with Dr. Julius Weiss as chairman, has been formed to make arrangements for the coming conference. **International Congress.** The proposition is to establish a Jewish international congress with regularly elected members from all parts of the world. The congress, with a president, vice president, and treasurer, will act as a bond of union for the Jews of the world, and the instrument of relief and welfare in all that concerns the Jews in whatever country they may happen to live. It is hoped to include in the congress such organizations as the Zionists, Territorialists, Alliance Israelite, and the B'nai B'rith, just as national congresses include the representatives of different parties. The International Congress of All-Israel, which is the name proposed, would have authority to act for the Jews of the world in all emergencies. **Tentative Constitution.** It is urged as an advantage of the proposed congress that it would be able to act authoritatively in case of oppression or massacre, and, as the central body of the Jews of the world, be entitled to recognition by the world's rulers. A tentative constitution for the new congress has been drawn up, and provides among other things that the congress shall represent and speak for all Israel; purchase or lease territory for Jews to live in; establish a national bank and borrow money on the credit of all Israel, and render aid and relief to all Jews who suffer from persecution. The national congress, which will be held next October, will consider the constitution and other kindred matters, but its principal business will be to make preparations for an international congress and establish the movement on a world-wide footing. **WOMAN DEFENDS HUSBAND AGAINST BROTHER'S SHOTS** Chicago Diamond Merchants in Battle Over Business Affair. CHICAGO, July 20.—Samuel T. A. Loftis, president of the firm of Loftis Bros. & Co., diamond merchants, was shot early this afternoon by his brother, Joseph S. Loftis, after a stormy scene in the offices of the company, 92 State street, in which the wounded man and his wife had sought to force Joseph Loftis out of the partnership. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel's wife is the secretary. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket. The shooting came as a climax to a board of directors' meeting attended by Samuel Loftis, his wife, and Joseph. Samuel put a formal motion that Joseph be ousted from the board of directors, after severely reprimanding him for neglecting his duties and conducting himself in a manner prejudicial to the firm's interests. "You will never do that!" shouted Joseph Loftis, leaping from a chair across the room and snatching a .33-caliber revolver from his pocket.